# loud paper

dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse

## MAPS

volume 1, issue 1

**loud paper** is a zine dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse. It is a text which is a slambamgetitoutthere way of linking together architectural thoughts, musings and new work.

**loud paper** is an outgrowth of a frustration caused by the stagnation of ordinary forms of architectural dialogue. It challenges the failed systems of glossy trade magazines which solely publish the big gun architects and academic journals which maintain the elitism of an overly intellectual language (as well as the same cast of theoretical characters) and the slowness of book publication. These systems deflate the spirit of new architectural thinking. A louder, faster system must be implemented.

**loud paper** is open to all: students, architects, educators, girls about town, dear Johns, and critics as a place for writing loud about architecture and culture. Submissions of articles, projects, letters, book and music reviews, no matter how loosely architectural are accepted.

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**call for submissions:**
loud paper is currently accepting submissions for a December issue. Contribution deadline is November 15, 1997.

## about this issue:

This premiere issue of loud paper is about maps. The impulse to create loud paper came from my desire to map a new space of communication, of language, and of architecture. It is a space of "the buzz." And it is a map which values the interconnective space between graffiti tags as much as standard topographic surveys.

In this issue James Horn maps the whole of Houston from the space of a single lot. Michael Pinto uses the Santa Monica Municipal Map on safari to hunt out teenagers. Amy Hinkley draws out a route from her home in Maine, to the library she designed in Hawaii. Jeremy Xavier hangs out under the 60 year old sign of Linda's Doll Hut, drinks a few Bud longnecks, and creates a vertical map of rock and roll history. I write about the dilemma of having no map at all.

Ultimately, this issue strives to redefine the planar definition of the geographic map and blazes trails for discussing architecture.

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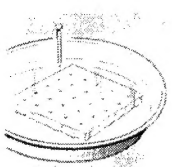

houston, texas:
midday, september 1996

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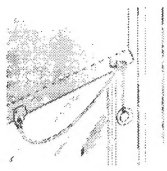

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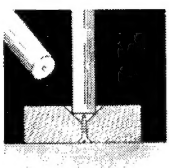

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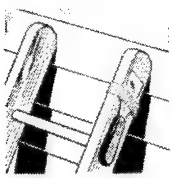

# the paradox of adolescence: building in the counterpublic sphere

## teenager in the city, modus operandi

**The teenager is a member of an "in between" population. The term teenager describes a group too diverse to be classified under one title. They are a population in search of identity. Leaving home, they seek to differentiate themselves from the family identity. However, the teenager is still tied to the home and is unable to join the independent generation ahead of them.**

**Due to the public's inability to understand the teenage segment of the population, a discourse of fear has generated around the teenager's use of public space. As public fear increases, teenagers of all background are increasingly restricted in their activity in the city and constantly under surveillance.**

**The teenager in the city is an enigma. From academics in fields such as psychology, sociology, and urban studies to the shapers of public policy in our political realm, the teenager is an incomprehensible counter-public. They share our city, but use and understand it in a very different way from other segments of the public. Recently our public officials have 'thrown in the towel,' in the study of the teenager. Passage of a recent State Supreme California ruling has made it legal to enforce restrictions and bans on alleged or suspected gang members' legal congregations in public. The injunction includes such public activities as "standing, sitting, walking, driving, gathering or appearing anywhere in public view (with each other)." This ruling was made in direct response to a group of Latino youths alleged to be members of a disruptive gang in the San Jose**

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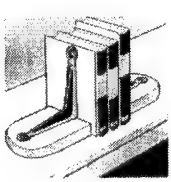
area. It limits youths of any background or ethnicity to congregate and make use of public space in areas of gang activity. These urban areas, demographically, are regions of higher minority concentration. This type of policy relies on an historic or nostalgic view of urban life and the public sphere. The middle class, reluctant to acknowledge, recognize, or respect the counterpublics of youth (typically of minority status) insist upon an idea of a "unified public."

Through a concise and confined set of research, I seek to define a set of criteria by which to track the operations of the teenager in our urban environments. There is some research regarding the teenager and the motivations and methods of occupying the city. Susan Stewart discusses the teenagers use of graffiti as a sign of mobility in subcultures. Graffiti is as much about visibility as it is about mobility. It is a tool to make the teenager, an unseen part of the urban space, visible. Finally, this research considers the teenage desire to claim ownership in the city of both place and space.

## fieldwork

Armed with a camera, some film, and a map, I began exploring the city of Santa Monica on a Saturday afternoon and evening. The template for exploration became the mapping of the Santa Monica Municipal Bus Lines based on the assumption (which may or may not be valid) that the bus would be a primary tool for the teenager to achieve mobility. The intersections of major bus lines in the city were targeted as possible nodes of activity for the teenager. These nodes will then be used as case studies for teenager 'surveillance.'



1

lincoln blvd. and ocean park blvd.

In this area three public parks are very near to each other. One, a large, sloped park with very little in the way of recreational facilities, seemed well suited to sitting, reading, and perhaps picnicking. The second park was specifically designed for sports and recreation, featuring athletic fields and basketball courts. Joslyn Park, the third, had a few basketball courts, a child's playground and a large, off-leash pet area. Additionally, just two blocks away from Joslyn Park is a public elementary school with a wide variety of courts and recreational facilities that were unlocked and seemingly available for public use.

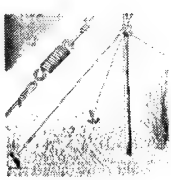
At first glance, the first park had no facilities that had anything about them that would be of interest to a teenager. And here were no teenagers. There was nothing to do here except stop and sniff the flowers and interrupt the guy reading his Saturday newspaper. After a journey through the neighborhood, I returned to find that a group of 7 or 8 teenagers had moved in and claimed a piece of the park. They were not sniffing the flowers. This group had claimed a plot of space as close to the center of the park as possible and had staked out a stair rail which they used for skateboarding. This particular stair rail was the most removed from observation, furthest from the street and shadowed by several trees. I thought it odd that with the boardwalk skating facilities so near, these teenagers would choose to appropriate something that seemed to not be as well suited to their needs.

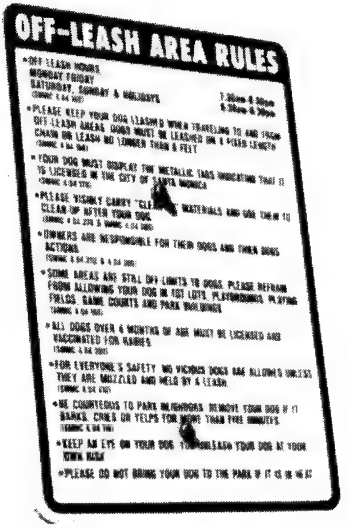
Joslyn Park is more well-defined in terms of the activities which were expected to take place there. It is mainly known as the 'dog park,' in that it has a space reserved for the unleashed recreation of pets. The park also has a basketball court, a young children's playground, and a community center which was closed at the time, but which advertised a variety

of classes, workshops, and group activities. But again, there were no teenagers. Perhaps, as in the previous location, activity was too well prescribed and did not allow for any substantial inventiveness on the part of the park patrons. Of particular interest here was the proliferation of signage posting park regulations and restrictions, all with the particular section of the municipal code which would allow for the enforcement of such regulations. This park seemed to say that teenagers were not welcome.

I thought that this site might be of interest to the teenager because of its peculiar siting arrangement. On three sites the park was well above street grade (approx. 4'-7' high retaining walls). This siting allowed for only limited surveillance and observation. Even though teenagers were not physically present at this particular time, there were traces of their presence. Sporadic graffiti decorated the concrete block retaining walls, perhaps left in an act of defiance of the prescribed rules and activities which did not acknowledge the possibility of alternate publics and uses.

Finally, I stopped at an elementary school at the corner of Lincoln Blvd. and Ocean Park Blvd. This school had a very large, fenced playground allowing for basketball and many other hard-surface sports. In addition, it was perhaps the most accessible by bus of the three previous sites. The gates were open, the courts were available and there was no one else using this facility. But no teenagers. This might have been expected based on what was seen at the other sites. This site was under high surveillance; it was at street level, protected only by a transparent chain link fence. It offered no chance for claiming and appropriating for any use other than what was intended.




OFF-LEASH AREA RULES
• OFF LEASH HOURS
MONDAY-FRIDAY
SATURDAY, SUNDAY & HOLIDAYS
7:30am & 10pm
8:30am & 10pm
• PLEASE KEEP YOUR DOG LEASHED WHEN TRAVELING TO AND FROM OFF LEASH AREAS. DOGS MUST BE LEASHED ON 6 FOOT LENGTH CHAIN OR LEASH NO LONGER THAN 6 FEET
• YOUR DOG MUST DISPLAY THE METALLIC TAGS INDICATING THAT IT IS LICENSED IN THE CITY OF SANTA MONICA
• PLEASE VISIBLY CARRY "CLEAN
CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR DOG
MATERIALS AND USE THEM TO
• OWNERS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DOGS AND THEIR DOGS ACTIONS.
• SOME AREAS ARE STILL OFF LIMITS TO DOGS. PLEASE REFRAIN FROM ALLOWING YOUR DOG IN TOT LOTS, PLAYGROUNDS, PLAYING FIELDS, GAME COURTS AND PARK BUILDINGS
• ALL DOGS OVER 4 MONTHS OF AGE MUST BE LICENSED AND VACCINATED FOR RABIES
• FOR EVERYONE'S SAFETY, NO VICIOUS DOGS ARE ALLOWED UNLESS THEY ARE MUZZLED AND HELD BY A LEASH.
• BE COURTEOUS TO PARK NEIGHBORS. REMOVE YOUR DOG IF IT BARKS, CRIES OR YELPS FOR MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES
• KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR DOG
LEASH YOUR DOG AT YOUR OWN RISK
• PLEASE DO NOT BRING YOUR DOG TO THE PARK IF IT IS IN HEAT

off leash area rules

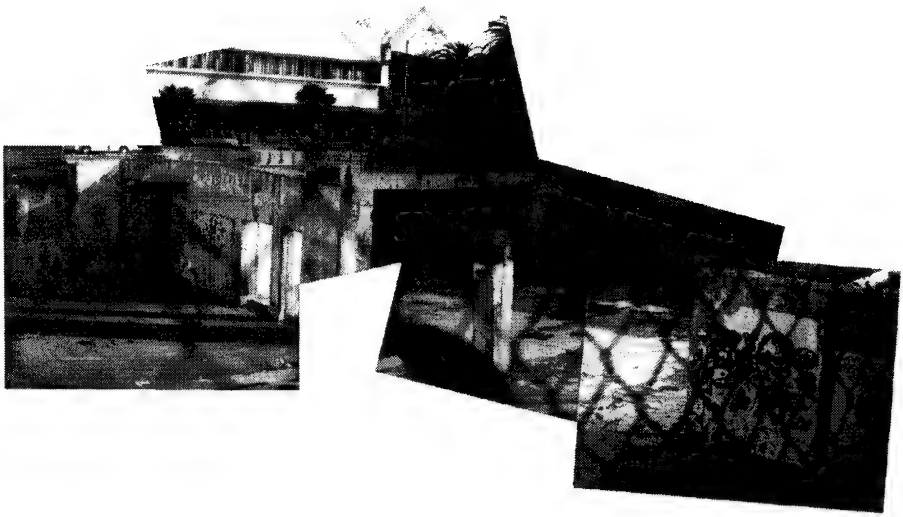
## virgina park 2 mile

**At the recommendation of professionals who work with teenagers, I made sure to include Virginia Park in this research. Virginia Park is located just south of the Santa Monica Freeway near the intersection of Cloverfield and Pico. Upon arrival, I was surprised that this location might support teenage activity, since there was a police substation located on the park property. This park did support teenage activity, though it was unique to what I had seen thus far. This park was populated by teenagers, some adults, and babies. On this Saturday afternoon, this park seemed to be a safe haven for either young mothers or older sisters standing in for a mother. Teenage boys were here but were less involved in the activities; they came and went more freely by car, bike, and bus. Perhaps the close proximity of the police made this place seem like a safe place to bring children. In fact, high visibility and potential surveillance were a prerequisite for the types of activity occurring here.**

## santa monica place mall/ 3rd street promenade 3 mile

**The area around the Santa Monica Place mall and 3rd Street Promenade are thoroughly serviced by the Santa Monica Bus Lines. In fact, by looking at a map, one might assume that this mall was the sole purpose for the existence of these bus lines. Yet, when I arrived at this site at approximately 3:30 p.m., the area was populated by every group except the teenager. This was strange; the area has superior accessibility, activities geared to teenagers (movies, record stores, shopping, etc.), and is a social space.**

**Perhaps the issues of visibility and potential for surveillance were impacting the use of this place as well. At this time of the day the teenager was outnumbered. Later, the teenager**



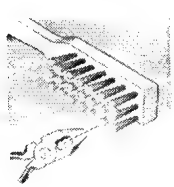
uses this same space and finds strength in numbers, but at 3:30 in the afternoon, a teenager would have stuck out. The activity here is very prescribed and limited. Santa Monica Police patrol the area keeping activity within certain allowable limits, making sure to enforce the recent 'no loitering' law, which makes one of the teenager's favorite activities, 'hanging out,' illegal.

Nearby, I found the fenced foundation of a demolished building. This location was full of teenager's graffiti signatures. Here, the teenager had again appropriated a place neglected by the rest of society for their own use and had marked it as their own.

As a result of this search through Santa Monica, I recognized priorities in the activity of the teenager in the city. Perhaps the most important issue is appropriation. At several sites, teenagers scorned facilities offered to them in favor of creating their own space of activity. This presents something of a problem to the architect creating for this population. They would perhaps prefer to create for themselves. The teenagers seen through the course of this study gravitated more towards those places which were specifically not offered to them.

Also significant is programmatic freedom. The defined activity locations were not used by the teenager. Instead, those areas which seemed to allow for a wide variety of activity attracted a greater number of teenagers. At Joslyn Park, for example, the teenager stays away perhaps because of the high degree of definition in the programmed areas of the park. The park does not allow for invention.

Finally, the issue of visibility and potential for surveillance is of significance. The teenagers seen in this study chose to occupy areas of least surveillance. Joslyn Park offered extremely high privacy and little surveillance, in defiance of the high programmatic definition.



## fashion and architecture

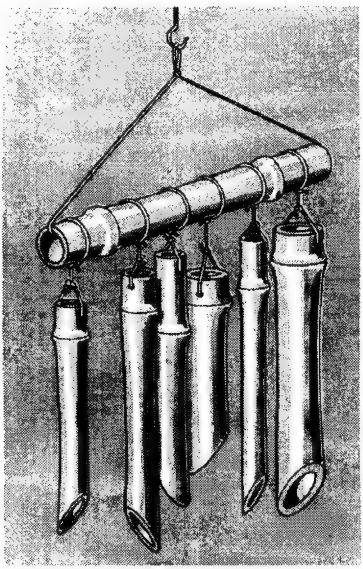
It seems that architecture faces an unwinnable challange with regard to the teenage population who rejects all that is provided for them. This is not true in fashion. It has broken through to the teenage population. Nike sneakers marketed directly to teenagers and have had tremendous success. So much so that contestations over the shoes have been known to spark violence among teenagers.

The fashion industry is always adjusting and changing in response to teenagers. Baggy pants, a fashion popularized by teens, have been adopted by the fashion industry. Now one can go into any major clothing retailer and purchase deliberately oversized, low-crotched pants. Building for the adolescent population, the architecture must also address a client/patron perpetually in flux.

The fashion industry, due to its its use of relatively inexpensive materials and ability to adjust to to popular taste culture, is accepted as a commodity that is periodicaly replaced; architecture is not. As example of adjustability in the built environment, the billboard is able to change as required. The flat surface can be layered with up to the minute messages and images. The billboard substitutes graphics for form and dispensable building materials for those which are permanent.

Fashion is an example of an industry operating in parallel with the field of architecture; serving a client/patron whose instinct is to reject benevolent provisions. To serve this population and overcome this problematic condition, architecture might learn from fashion how to incorporate the ephemeral into that which is built to be permanent and perhaps address the needs of the teenager in the city.

# For the Boy Craftsman

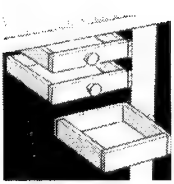


**By Frank N. Stephany**

## Bamboo Wind Harp

STIRRED BY A BREEZE, these random-sized pieces of bamboo strike and brush one another to produce a musical sound. Vary the lengths from 6 to 10 in., sawing the ends at 45-degree angles in a miter box. Clamp each section for cross-drilling a hole ¼ in. from the top end. Pass twine through and hang the pieces (about ¼ in. apart) from a horizontal section, adjusting the relationships of short to long to create the best sounds.

When you try to feed a cord through the horizontal section, for hanging, you'll doubtless find free passage blocked by a web across each section-joint. If you have no facilities for end-drilling this long a piece, you can make yourself a needle by bending a tight eye at one end of a heavy wire. Sharpen and heat the other end so it will char its way through the webs.



# a mapless arrival late morning at the

1

Brno is a city known to me only by the Modernist frame created by Mies van der Rohe. I came to the city in search of the Villa Tugendhat. I was searching for what Kenneth Frampton describes in *Modern Architecture* as "a horizontal centrifugal spatial arrangement... subdivided and articulated by free standing planes and columns." The villa, set on a hillside above the noise and the clutter of the urban center, captures views of the city and tames them into the geometric framework. The villa is so sterilized, that when visiting, you must don booties over your shoes, as to not track the dust of the city inside.

The words I accumulated in Architecture History class to describe the cool, abstract spaces left me speechless as I entered the cacophony of city life which occurred just outside the train station's Soviet block doors. Free plan rhetoric proved too stringent to form syllables around the squeal of tram brakes. No horizontal or centrifugal adjective could describe the dire buzz of mufflerless motorbikes wailing above an undulating hum of Czech dialect.

Mapless and without a language with which to communicate or decipher what was around me, I faced Brno. I ran my eyes over the craggy outline of the medieval city and paused at the cathedral topping the hill. The church holds an ancient fable of a dragon, a story illuminated on the postcards of the city, in which a cartooned dragon wraps around the church spire, like King Kong on the Empire State Building. A beast whose mythological proportions protected the city from outside evils. The last remaining artifact of the fearsome creature is it's apparent carcass, a dried alligator, which hangs in the westwork. The rest of the city drapes in winding streets and carved plazas down

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train station in Brno, Czech Republic.

the slope from the cathedral, creating a few fountained squares, an active marketplace, and an empty civic center.

As common with many old European cities, the city center is closed off from automobile traffic and is surrounded by a nineteenth century ring of staid buildings and diesel fumes. In Brno, the center quickly peters out in a wash of dug up streets and open storefronts displaying the fossilized remains of miscellaneous machine parts which must have been uncovered in the excavations. Slaughter yards are empty, but are shadowed by monstrous striped smokestacks. Garish giants, the height of church spires, these free-standing columns fade into the Soviet sprawl.

I stood eyeing this ring, searching for meaning within the blur of orange buses and sad gray Ladas; the city in front of me spoke a jumbled language of ketchup bottles, cheap white socks hawked by the armful by vendors, and fluorescent handbills announcing some up-coming event. The city offered the temptation of losing oneself amidst the meaningless noise. It holds the romance of *derive*.

Without an understanding of the place, I wanted to fall into those rambling spaces. In her book on the Sitiuationist Interationale, Sadie Plant describes *derive* as function of psychogeography. She writes, "to *derive* was to notice the way in which certain areas, streets, or buildings resonate with states of mind, inclinations, and desires, and to seek out reasons for movement other than those for which an environment was designed." I wanted to create my own language of sounds, texture and place markers within Brno, yet, what became clear as I crossed the nineteenth century ring and began to enter the city, was that there was a

**language of signs that I already understood. A series of golden arches beaming in the smoggy morning were strung around the city. Tipped with plastic red, their arrows directed me onward.**

**Following the McDonald's signs in toward the city center, Brno loses its mystique. The hollow plastic beacons, now unavoidable, pulled at me as I tried to lose their course and find my own route within the old streets. The small landmarks of stone buildings and umbrellaed pizza stands paled in comparison to the corporate identity. Mazes righted themselves, and by mid-day, I stood in the main square. The city hall, the church, several tourist cafes, and of course, the McDonald's were all laid out in front of me.**

2

Moreover, Urban cores do not disappear. The fabric erodes them to its web. These cores survive by transforming themselves. There are still centers of intense urban life such as the Latin Quarter in Paris. The aesthetic qualities of these urban cores play an important role in their main renewal. They do not only contain monuments and institutional headquarters, but also spaces appropriated for entertainments, parades, promenades, festivities. In this way the urban core becomes a high quality consumption product for foreigners, tourists, people from the outskirts, and suburbanites. It survives because of this double role: as place of consumption and consumption of place.

- Henri Lefevbre, Writing on Cities.

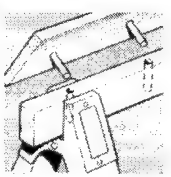
I had French fries for lunch. Medium fries with ketchup. Medium fries does not translate into all languages, thus communication at the counter was more difficult than my navigation of the city.

3

It would be easy at this point to condemn corporate entities of corrupting the medieval city, of robbing it of it's patinaed charms and quaint old world habits (like putting ketchup on thick, greasy slices of cheese pizza.) I could fling accusations at the greed of American industry for manipulating the urban fabric into a Bohemian themed Big Mac attack, and I could essentially be irate at falling into the trap of McDonaldland. Yet, I think of instances in the American city and landscape where capitalist tendencies have become integral to culture and I have to check myself. Stateside antique stores burst with overpriced coffee shop neon and Fifties Coca-Cola emblems. The market value of these objects is determined by the droves of collectors (from the US, Europe, and Japan) and designer cognosetti. Giant roadside ducks and donuts have not only been assimilated into the acceptable, but they have become beacons of nostalgia, and have entered the realm of high art and culture by means of pop art and criticism, the most glorified example being Venturi and Scott-Brown's *Learning from Las Vegas.*

4

Peter Blake in his 1964 book *God's Own Junkyard,* lashed out at the sign landscape that had boomed and cluttered American cities and highways. He called for legislation and action to return the county to it's natural past. Yet, in 1980, the book *Billboard Art,* complete with an introduction by David Hockney, traced the development of the billboard from an Art History perspective, further justifying the incorporation of commercial advertising into the cultural cannon. George LaRou goes so far as to write in the timeline portion of his essay *Roadside Attractions* (included in a



1992 Cooper Union compilation on graphic design), "You usually have to go to the ugly part of town to see the really cool signs."

So, with the mechanisms in place for the golden arches to be both critically condemned or celebrated, I turn to look at the commercial symbol as a means for creating a new mapping of the city. The repetition of signs throughout Brno describes a route which doubles as space of advertising. The visitor, caught in this recognition, creates a mental space based unconscious act of knowing the icons of a corporation. Facades lining the route no longer exist solely as pieces of the built environment, instead they also act as a vertical landscape for the placement of billboards. Thus the navigation of the city becomes as much a piece of commercial architecture as the hamburger stand or the billboard, itself.

This cognitive architecture is a space which is not unlike the space created by signs along the highway, where the space is formed by anticipation between signs. Mileage, rest-stops and landmarks become secondary to the sign. The Burma Shave series (now ensconced in the Smithsonian) is a prime example of this type of signage:

The small six signs took approximately eighteen seconds to read at a speed of 35 mph, giving more viewing time to a prospective client than either newspapers for magazines could deliver. The spacing added a special cadence to the reading as well as an element of suspense:

The bearded lady

Tried a jar

She's now a famous

Movie Star

Burma Shave.

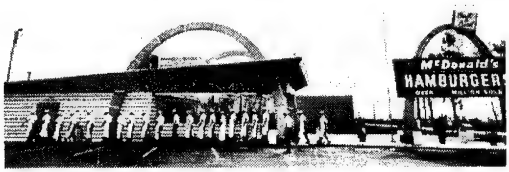
**The golden arches recall the American heartland. Red and yellow signs conjure up images of drive-thrus and drive-ins, endless wholesome highways, with patches of lights and offramps promising cheeseburgers. The McDonald's sign in it's ability to create a cognitive space, is not unlike much older merchant signs and symbols. The symbols of the camel and pineapple marked the shop of sixteenth century confectioners shops in London. The two signs did not represent the goods which could be purchased at the shop, as a representation of a lamb shank or a whistling oyster would, instead they evoke the mystique of other lands; deserts and palm treed oasises unknown to England. The signs communicated the spice route which had to be traveled in order to obtain the exotic wares sold in the confectionist shop. During the course of the 1700s the symbol of the camel was dropped from the diptych in favor of the sole pineapple. The travels and business transactions of the far east were then evoked by the symbol of a sweet fruit.**

It is in this manner that the McDonald's route through Brno evokes the cold-war American landscape. In fact, the form of the globally recognized arches comes not from the shape of the 'M' in McDonald's, as might be inferred, but rather it is a symbol derived from the built form of the drive-in. The original Golden Arches prototype featured a Bottaesque red and white tiled rectangular building, topped with a steeply sloping roof. The building's crowning glory was two soaring golden arches piercing the roof and serving as both structural support and as corporate symbol. At night the golden neon arches could be seen from blocks around. The highly visible architecture on the roof transformed the building from standard food shack to signage. The now recognized sign of the M-like arches is only a simplification of the no longer used structure, as viewed in perspective.

I ate apple pie and ice cream - It was getting better as I got deeper into Iowa, the pie bigger, the ice cream richer.
-Jack Kerouac, On the Road.

**The repetition of McDonald's signs, immediately isolates an American dream of roadsigns, fast food, and apple pie within the fabric of diesel stained buildings and an economy escaping from a recent history of breadlines and communist party rhetoric. There is a sense of escapism and optimism inherent in the development of the McDonald-route through the heart of Brno. Rather than corrupting the city core, the corporate entity represents the most luxurious commodities possible: the rich milk-fed American landscape. To follow the path set by the golden arches is to travel in a Cadillac with the top down along winding medieval streets. The signs offer a fantasy of innocence and simplicity formerly unknown to the emerging capitalist country.**

**The navigational space of capital, of French fries, of golden arches, adds a greasy layer to the post communist city and gives it greater depth of meaning. The new space within the city of Brno is a piece of an idealized America. In turn a heterotopic condition is created. Edward Soja writes, "The heterotopia is capable of juxtaposing in a single real space several spaces. Several sites that are in themselves incompatible." The city of Brno, founded on a maze of medieval planning, is simultaneously mapped with a history which offers over six billion cheeseburgers sold.**



# sotto voce. a library

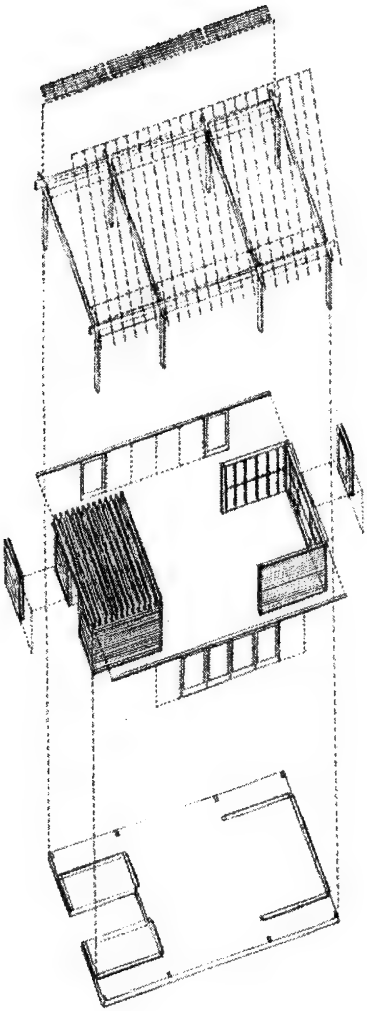
**The program for the building is simple: a place for books, a place for work, and a bathroom. With programatic issues so clear, I was able to focus on the constructed and tectonic nature of the building.**

**The process involved pushing myself to ask questions that would create a constructed architecture beyond the convetional: How do I make a wall, a door, a window? What is structure and what is skin?**

**Learning by drawing over and over, the project became both a building and an education. It became increasingly important to me that nothing was disquised; that the building could be an honest piece of architecture. In the end, the building resolved itself as a small box that could be ioened and closed by a system of sliding, lightweight panels, enveloped by a large timber structure. The two systems work independently, the box defining program, the structure defining space.**

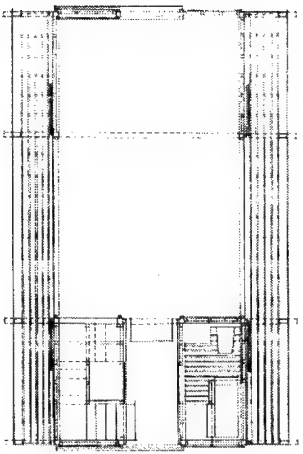
**The project has taken over two years to design, an obscene amonut of time for such a modest structure. Construction is slated to begin in December.**

Amy Hinkley is an architect in Bethel, Maine.

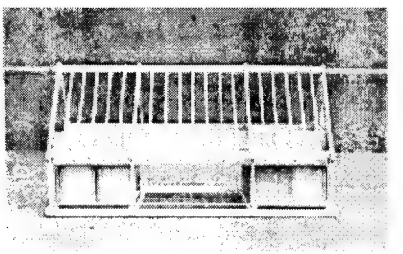


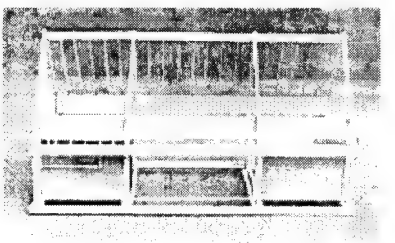
I

axonometric



**II**
library plan





**III,IV**

study model

**program:**
library and
studio,800 s.f.

**site:**
Manoa Valley,
Hawaii

**budget:**
$100,000

linda's doll hut

Just off Highway 5, as you roll through Anaheim, down by the railroad tracks, where the closest things are thriftstores, 7-11s, traintracks and warehouses, lays something resembling the earliest compendium to Graceland. If Graceland is the tarted-up tribute to the "Viva Las Vegas", pill-chomping King, then Linda's Doll Hut is closer to the spirit of Tupelo, Elvis' birthplace where he entered the world a partner to Jesse Garon his stillborn twin. They served as dopplegangers to each other, the dead brother born in a shotgun shack and the King who died in the bathroom of his gilded Memphis palace. Linda's Doll Hut seems to have this relationship to Graceland. Two structures that represent the nadir and the zenith of rock and roll.

Built in the 1920s as a private residence, the Doll Hut became a cafe in the 30's, a bar in the 50s and a music venue in the 90s. While it only holds 49 people and has no stage, leaving band to set up in the corner, it attracts such vintage-lifestyle acts as the Reverend Horton Heat, Social Distortion and the Dandy Warhols. Bands like this, bands so caught up in the myth of pop music's past underside, they flock to the Doll Hut to play late-night sets to crowds sozzled by $1.75 Budweiser longnecks. The experience of seeing a band there is like a mass collective gulping from the chalice of pop music's seedy past. There are stickers all over

brian jones, the logo

the walls and a ten foot ceiling. The bar takes up most of the space and behind it, the barman operates the cash register and the sound mixing board. The venue sits alone in a row of warehouses with a lone neon sign sitting high atop a single pole that reads "doll hut" and "tap beer." It looks like a roadhouse is supposed to look, and therein lies it's success. By representing the ideal late 50s/ early 60s venue, it attracts a crowd who insure that it is exactly that.

The night I was there, the Brian Jonestown Massacre played, a band that dragged the gory locks of rock and roll back to the stink-laden beginnings; the Beatles in Hamburg playing amphetamined sets between strippers as the smell of smoke, puke and beer filled the room, young Elvis on stage at countless county fairs trying to ignore the hogshit steaming into his nasal passages, the Rolling Stones chanting candle lit incantations to the spirit of blues legend Robert Johnson in darkened London basements.

The Brian Jonestown Massacre sound like I wanted early Stones records to sound: heavy and bluesy, reckless (their name is a combination of the Rolling Stones first rhythm guitarist and the Jim Jones lead mass sui

Jeremy Xavier
lives & works in
Berkeley.

elvis, the king

cide). They write all their own songs, but the songs have an odd familiarity about them, as though they are forgotten Velvet Underground gems or a rare Yardbirds track that you may have heard once. On stage they resemble the Stones with their floppy hair and turtlenecks, but there is something entirely modern about them. Like Linda's Doll Hut, they have all the right things from the past. They knock off what is cool and leave the errors to the history books. They leave the pink pants and pink boots exactly where they belong, on Bill Wyman, frozen in time in Goddard's film portaryal of the Rolling Stones, the 1960's, and the meaning of life, "Sympathy for the Devil." They exemplify a revisionist Stones, they steal from the myth, not the band.

This show was their last in the first American tour, a tour where their manager quit and took the van, forcing them to sleep in a windowless U-Haul trailer or behind dumpsters. There were fights and drug busts. And by the time they got to the Doll Hut, they had no equipment and only four of the six original members. They took the floor with borrowed equipment and borrowed guitarists from the opening band. Singer Anton Newcomb was yelling chord changes to them.

anton, the mod

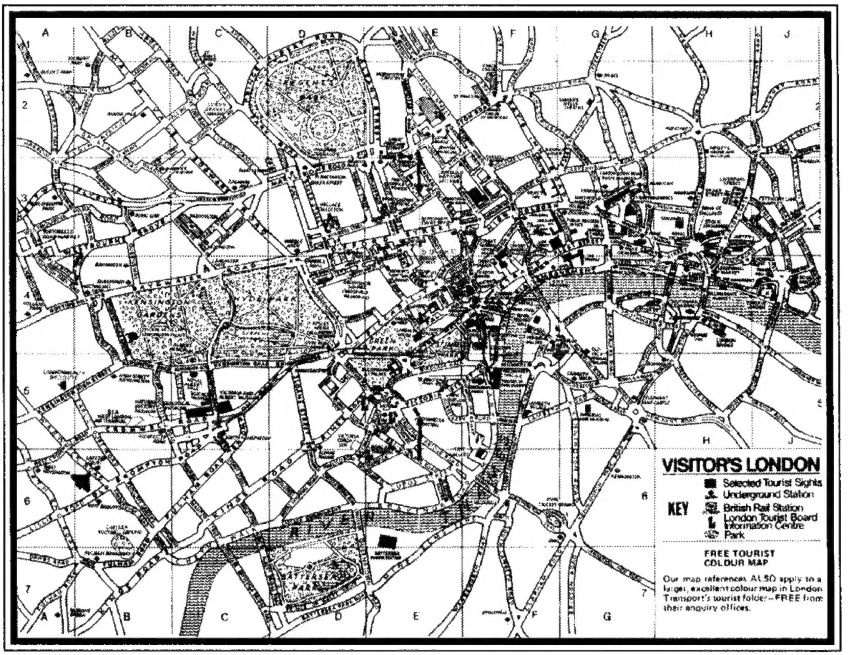
While the Stone's first US tour was filled with problems, the problems were less... well, less Stonesy. Their hair was mocked by Dean Martin, and they were forced to share a show with a trained elephant.

A slow rumbling bluesy instrumental started the set off, house lights turned low, crowd at eye level, the stink of beer and smoke. In twenty minutes, in three chords, they played bluesy mod rock that shook the Doll Hut. Newcomb stayed in the back and played harmonica, guitar and sang, leaving tambourinist Joel Gion to be the frontman. Joel doesn't sing, he simply leans from time to time and shakes his tambourine. Basist Matt Hollywood looks exactly like John Lennon with his round glasses and bowl cut, only he's more lanky. They all look as though they could fall at any moment.

And by the end, singer Anton Newcomb was standing on the bar, microphone in hand, calling out "Can I get a witness?" The Brian Jonestown Massacre capture that period of 1966-67, they study it and disseminate all the cool from the era and bleed it on stage for crowds of 5 to 5,000. Like Linda's Doll Hut, they serve as an extended post-mortem coda to pop's last innocence.

**Linda's Doll Hut** is located at 107 S. Adams Road in Anaheim.

Call 714.533.1286 for dates and information.


VISITOR'S LONDON
KEY
Selected Tourist Sights
Underground Station
British Rail Station
London Tourist Board Information Centre
Park
FREE TOURIST COLOUR MAP
Our map references ALSO apply to a larger, excellent colour map in London Transport's tourist folder – FREE from their enquiry offices.

# a guide to london's public toilets

Public conveniences are usually open from early morning until late evening when they are closed to prevent further outbreaks of damage by vandalism. Public houses have conveniences for use by customers and they can be found at many underground stations. Many are free, although a small coin may be needed to open a closet. The toilets listed below have sections for both men and women and are open seven days a week from early morning to late evening, unless otherwise stated.

**City of London**

Paternoster Square (near St. Paul's Cathedral)
Bank underground (near Bank of England)
Tower Hill (opposite main entrance to Tower; open 24 hrs. Apr.-Sept. for men)
Eastcheap (near Monument, closes 17.30 Sat., 18.30 Sun.)
Bishopsgate (opposite Dirty Dick's)
Petticoat Lane (East end in Aldgate subway, Middlesex St.)
Fleet Street (near Fetter Lane, men only, 24 hrs.)
Victoria Embankment (in new walkway, to west of underpass)
Guildhall Yard (09.30-17.00, Mon.-Fri. only)
Royal Exchange.

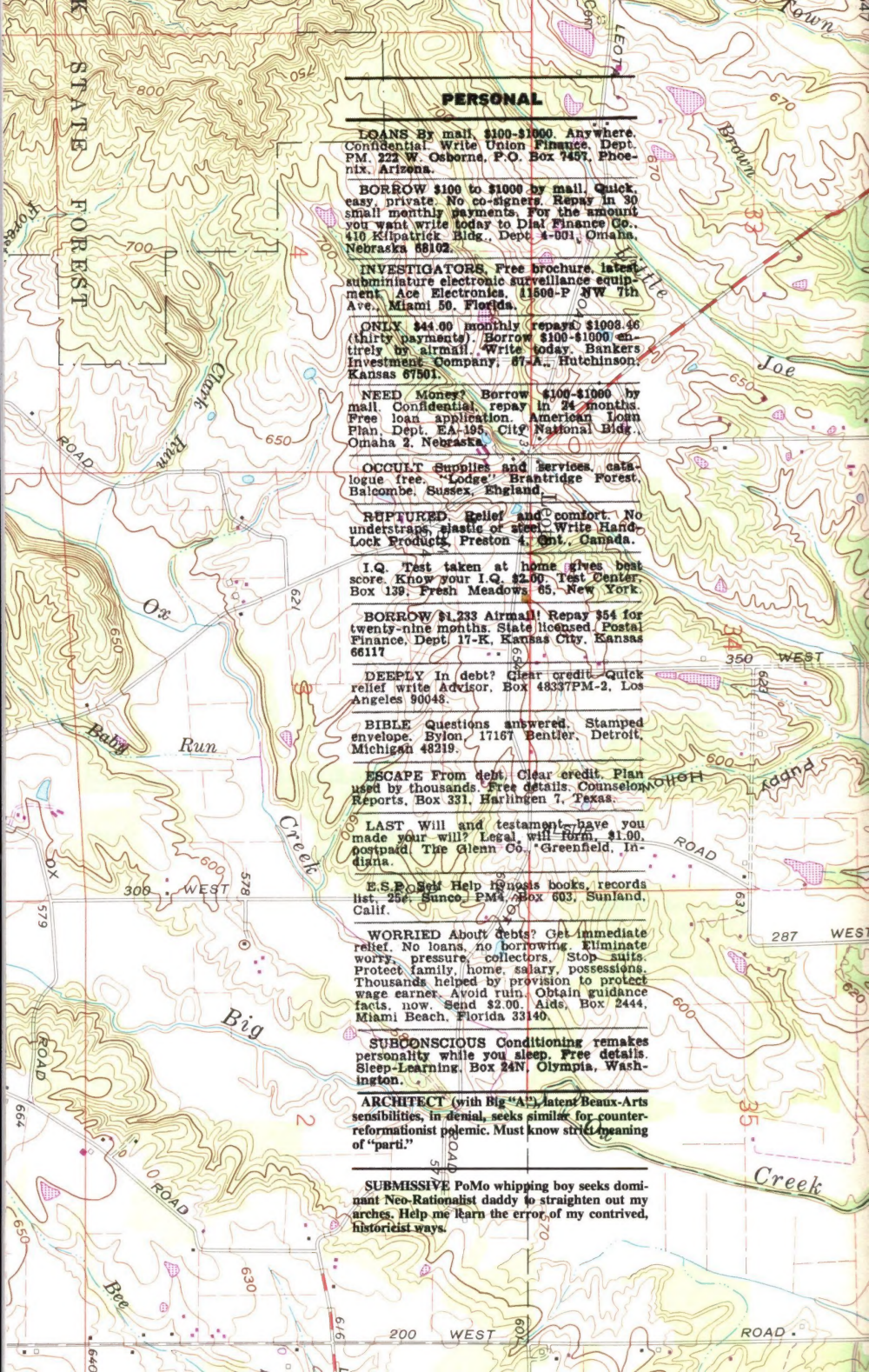
**Kensington and Chelsea (Royal Borough)**

Wornington Road, W11
Bevington Road, W11
Lancaster Road, W11
Talbot Road, W11
Westbourne Grove W11
Notting Hill Gate, W11
Kensington High Street (adjacent Town Hall, women only)
Church Walk (adjacent Town Hall, Kensington, men only)
Cavaye Place, SW10 (off Fulham Road, near ABC Cinema, men only)
Brompton Road, SW7
Sloane Square, SW1
Sydney Street, SW3
World's End, King's Road, SW10.

**Westminster City**

Leicester Square (men's section open 24 hours)
Piccadilly Circus (men's section open 24 hours)
Victoria Embankment Gardens (men's section open 24 hours)
Hyde Park Corner (men's section open 24 hours)
Marble Arch (men's section open 24 hours)
Oxford Circus
St. James's Park (opposite St. James's Palace)
Great Marlborough Street (off Regent Street)
Broadwick Street (off Wardour Street)
Charing Cross Road (near National Portrait Gallery)
Trafalgar Square
Strand (Law Courts)
Westminster Bridge
Parliament Street (end of Whitehall, near Parliament)
Lambeth Bridge (Millbank)
Abingdon Street (opposite Victoria Tower, Houses of Parliament).
Caxton Street (off Buckingham Gate, near Buckingham Palace)
Bressenden Place (near Westminster City Hall)
Green Park, in Piccadilly
Kensington Road (end Knightsbridge)
Bayswater Road (opposite Queensway)
Westbourne Grove (opposite Queensway)
Edgware Road (Harrow Road Flyover)
Great Portland Street (end Marylebone Road)
Marylebone Road (near Baker Street)
Paddington Street (off Baker Street)
Rochester Row (Vauxhall Bridge Road)

Several men only toilets and urinals, especially near Piccadilly.


PERSONAL
LOANS By mail, $100-$1000. Anywhere. Confidential. Write Union Finance, Dept. PM, 222 W. Osborne, P.O. Box 7457, Phoenix, Arizona.
BORROW $100 to $1000 by mail. Quick, easy, private. No co-signers. Repay in 30 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. 4-001, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.
INVESTIGATORS. Free brochure, latest subminiature electronic surveillance equipment. Ace Electronics, 11500-P NW 7th Ave., Miami 50, Florida.
ONLY $44.00 monthly (repay $1008.46 (thirty payments). Borrow $100-$1000 entirely by airmail. Write today. Bankers Investment Company, 87-A., Hutchinson, Kansas 67501.
NEED Money? Borrow $100-$1000 by mail. Confidential, repay in 24 months. Free loan application. American Loan Plan, Dept. EA-195, City National Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska.
OCCULT Supplies and services, catalogue free. "Lodge" Brantridge Forest, Balcombe, Sussex, England.
RUPTURED. Relief and comfort. No understraps, elastic or steel. Write Hand-Lock Products, Preston 4, Ont., Canada.
I.Q. Test taken at home gives best score. Know your I.Q. $2.00. Test Center, Box 139, Fresh Meadows 65, New York.
BORROW $1,233 Airmail! Repay $54 for twenty-nine months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 17-K, Kansas City, Kansas 66117
DEEPLY In debt? Clear credit. Quick relief write Advisor, Box 48337PM-2, Los Angeles 90048.
BIBLE Questions answered. Stamped envelope. Bylon, 17167 Bentler, Detroit, Michigan 48219.
ESCAPE From debt. Clear credit. Plan used by thousands. Free details. Counselor Reports, Box 331, Harlingen 7, Texas.
LAST Will and testament—have you made your will? Legal will form, $1.00, postpaid. The Glenn Co., Greenfield, Indiana.
E.S.P. Self Help Psychic books, records list, 25c. Sunco, PM4, Box 603, Sunland, Calif.
WORRIED About debts? Get immediate relief. No loans, no borrowing. Eliminate worry, pressure, collectors. Stop suits. Protect family, home, salary, possessions. Thousands helped by provision to protect wage earner. Avoid ruin. Obtain guidance facts, now. Send $2.00. Aids, Box 2444, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
SUBCONSCIOUS Conditioning remakes personality while you sleep. Free details. Sleep-Learning, Box 24N, Olympia, Washington.
ARCHITECT (with Big "A"), latent Beaux-Arts sensibilities, in denial, seeks similar for counter-reformationist polemic. Must know strict meaning of "parti."
SUBMISSIVE PoMo whipping boy seeks dominant Neo-Rationalist daddy to straighten out my arches. Help me learn the error of my contrived, historicist ways.
STATE FOREST
Clark Run
Ox Baby Run
Big Bee Creek
Brown Joe Creek
Hollow
ROAD
300 WEST
200 WEST
350 WEST
287 WEST
621
578
579
664
630
631
623
650
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